

Livingstone Parish Church
Thursday 6th April 2023
Rev. Scott Cameron
Maundy Thursday

Hymn 1 MP 536

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,

the emblem of suffering and shame;
and I love that old cross where the dearest
and best

for a world of lost sinners was slain.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross

till my trophies at last I lay down;

*I will cling to the old rugged cross
and exchange it someday for a crown.*

O, the old rugged cross so despised by the
world,

has a wondrous attraction for me;

for the dear lamb of God left his glory

above

to bear it to dark Calvary.

So I'll cherish...

In the old rugged cross, stained with love
so divine,

a wondrous beauty I see;

for 'twas on that old cross

Jesus suffered and died

to pardon and sanctify me.

So I'll cherish...

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,

its shame and reproach gladly bear;

then He'll call me some day to my home

far away,

when His glory for ever I'll share.

So I'll cherish...

George Bennard (1873-1958)

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Song Solutions

Hymn 2 MP 1151

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
was blind but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved;
how precious did that grace appear,
the hour I first believed.

*My chains are gone, I've been set free,
my God, my Saviour has ransomed me.
And like a flood His mercy reigns,
unending love, amazing grace.*

The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
as long as life endures.

*My chains are gone, I've been set free,
my God, my Saviour has ransomed me.
And like a flood His mercy reigns,
unending love, amazing grace.*

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
the sun forbear to shine.

But God who called me here below
will be forever mine.

J Newton (1725-1807), J P Rees
(1828-1900) and E O Excell (1851-1921):

Chorus by C Tomlin and L Giglio
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Hymn 3 MP 755

When I survey the wondrous cross
on which the Prince of glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
save in the death of Christ my God:
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down:
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were an offering far too small,
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)



holy week

Hymn 4 MP 449 (v1, 2 & 4)

Love divine, all loves excelling,
joy of heaven, to earth come down:
fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
all Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
pure, unbounded love Thou art;
visit us with Thy salvation,
enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
into every troubled breast;
let us all in Thee inherit,
let us find Thy promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
end of faith, as its beginning,
set our hearts at liberty.

Finish then Thy new creation:
pure and spotless let us be;
let us see Thy great salvation,
perfectly restored in Thee,
changed from glory into glory,
till in heaven we take our place,
till we cast our crowns before Thee,
lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

Stevenston Livingstone
Church of Scotland



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